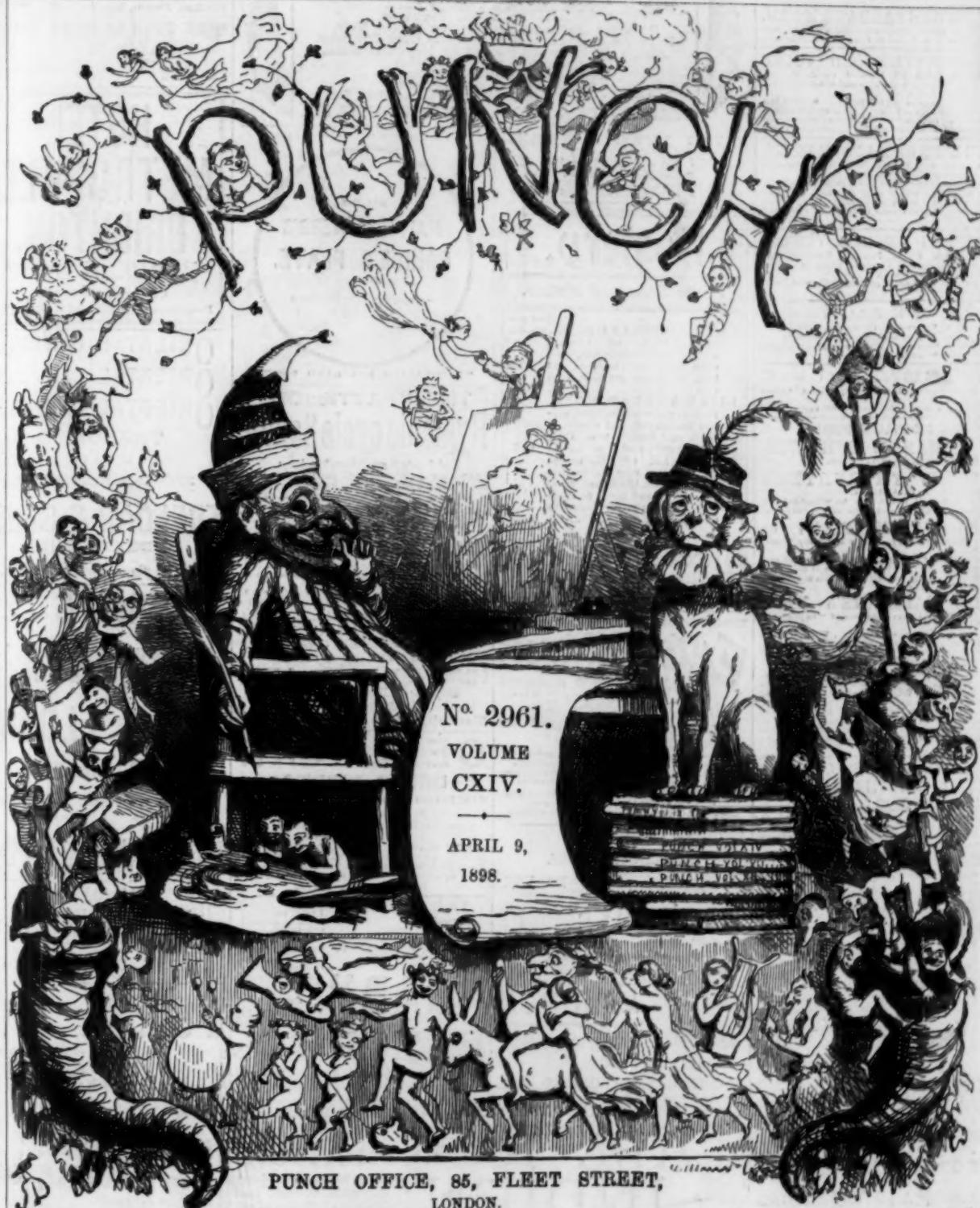


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Smith (who has lately taken a place in the country—to his gardener).
"Now, LOOK 'ERE. 'OW THE DEUCE DO YOU EXPECT THOSE POTATOES TO GROW? YOU FIRST CUTS 'EM IN TWO, AND THEN YOU BURY 'EM SO THAT THEY CAN GET NEITHER LIGHT NOR HAIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GEORGE NEWNES Limited have had an illimitably happy thought in adding *Eother* to their New Library. That deathless work, one of the best books of travel ever written, is as fresh to-day as it was when it issued from the press fifty-four years ago. Just now, when affairs in the East are exceptionally interesting, it is useful and instructing to have these graphic pictures of half a century ago. When KINGLAKE visited Cyprus, and described it in an idyllic chapter, he little dreamt that some day it would be a place of arms flying the English flag. Not to speak of Palestine, we see, through the great historian's clear glasses, Constantinople, Cairo, the Pyramids, Suez, and many other places greatly transformed to-day. Unhampered by copyright tribute, the publishers have been able to turn out an attractive volume at a trifling price. The book is illustrated with forty excellent drawings by H. R. MILLAR.

A Forgotten Sin (BLACKWOOD) will not add greatly to the reputation of Miss GERARD. The basis of its plot is not particularly pleasant, and the structure is slight. It will serve well enough to wile away an idle hour.

The Making of Matthias. (JOHN LANE.) By J. S. FLETCHER. Little Master *Matthias* seems to have been rather oddly "made." He was "made" much by of both his Grandmother and the old farm labourer, *Timothy*; yet was he not spoilt, but somehow contrived to "make himself" generally useful. He was beloved by all

"The pigs and cows and 'osses,
And the long-tailed bull what tosses,"

(to quote an ancient rhymester,) he birds'-nested, he collected eggs, he procured an ancient sword from an old Waterloo man, who was evidently not a very distant relation of HENRY IRVING'S

Corporal Brewster, and, armed with this weapon, he went out by moonlight alone, and, in the true spirit of a juvenile *Don Quixote*, cut down whole armies of thistles without a single regret for the wandering donkey's next day's dinner. He performed the stupendous feat of reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Peter Wilkins*, and *Adventures of Christopher Columbus*, all together, while simultaneously enjoying his evening meal! This all went of course to the "making of *Matthias*" until he was fifteen, when his Grandmother, who seems to have believed in a sort of modern illustrated-Christmas-book-Christianity, after simply bidding him "Be a good man," died, and left him monarch of all he surveyed, including a hundred sovereigns which were saved up and hidden away somewhere by an unfortunate Irish labourer, since deceased, who, from his conversation, appears to have expatriated himself from one of the Orange districts of that most distressful country. So at last, as master of the farm, apparently a very decent property, with *Timothy*, aged about sixty-five, still to the fore, and with a hundred golden sovereigns ready money somewhere about, Master *Matthias*, aged fifteen, "laid aside the crown of his childhood and took up the harness of the man," and thus was he "made." The story of his "making" (is it intended as a sort of "receipt" to guide anyone who might want to make a *Matthias*?) is told in a pretty, whimsical, pastoral way, and appears in a handy book that may serve to wile away a spare hour or so, with not a few dainty illustrations by LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BANK HOLIDAY PROVERBS.

AMONG the cheap trippers the noisiest lout is king.
Excursion in a hurry, and repent at leisure.
People who travel first with third class tickets should not sit twelve a side and sing songs.

You may take an 'Arry to a Board School, but you can't make him sound his h's.

A railway bar miss has never a smile.
It's a long day's touring that has no ending.
Every cloud of smoke extracts a copper from a coster's lining.
Look after your pockets and the roughs will take care of themselves.

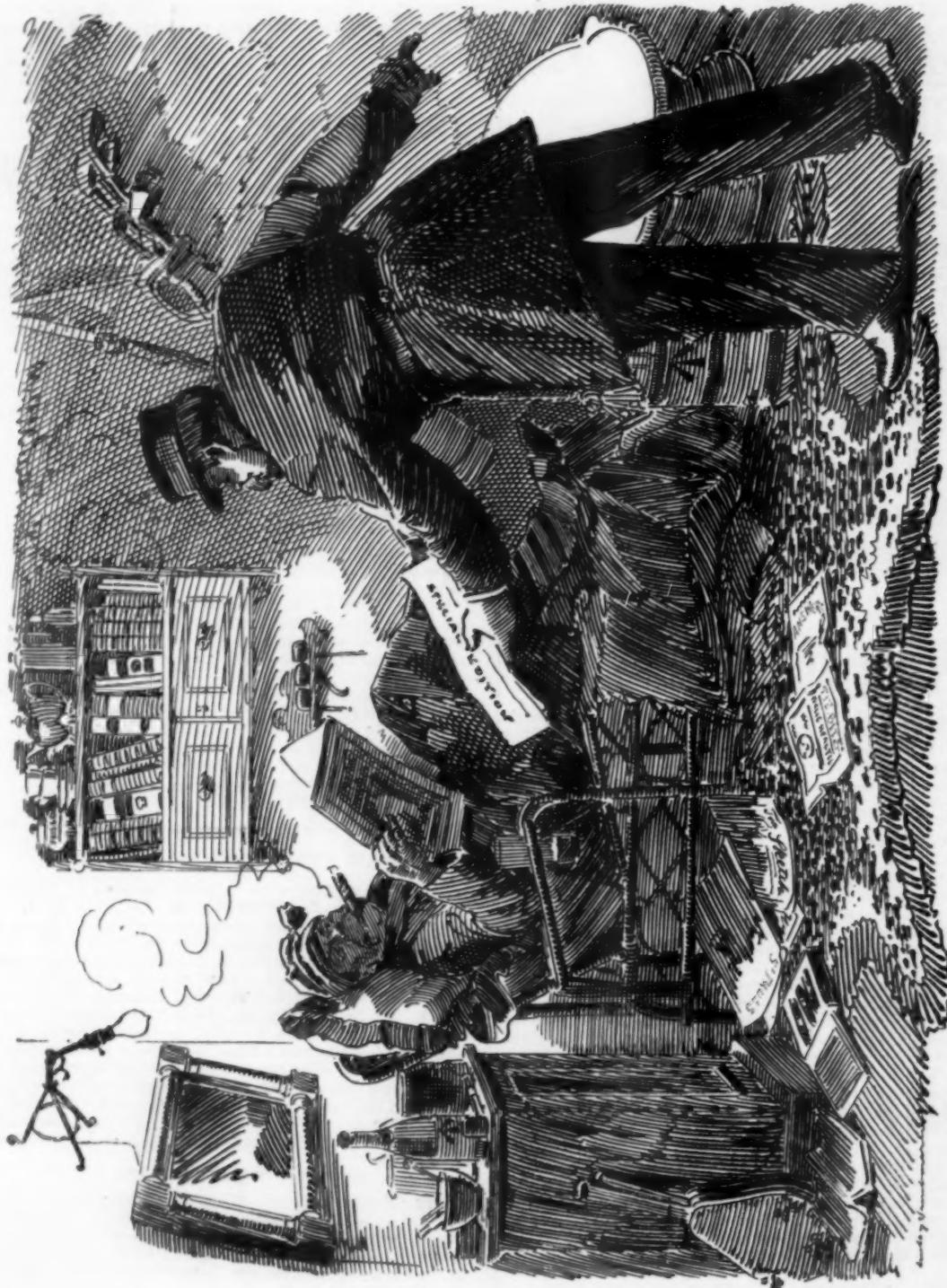
A policeman at hand is worth two on the watch.
You cannot make a day's pleasure out of a rowdy tour.
It's the early riser that gets the first train.
Enough is never sufficient for a beanfeast.
It's the singed coat that fears the cigar-ends.
The concertina has power to wake the savage breast.
On the day of St. Lubbock there is no place like home.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

At the recent meeting of the "Actors' Association," Sir HENRY IRVING in the chair, Mr. WYNDHAM, as "CHARLES, his friend," told how, once upon a time, when they were both "beginners," not in the same piece, but applying at the same theatre for an engagement. Mr. WYNDHAM, in a touch-an'-go-light-comedy style, put his elbow through a pane of glass, and neither he nor IRVING ("afterwards Sir HENRY") had sufficient money in their pockets to pay for the damage. If IRVING had had the money, why should he have paid for what he didn't break? "Who breaks, pays." But, "no matter,"—it was a pleasant reminiscence not unmixed with pain. Yet the light-hearted and now heavily-coining Comedian might have added, that if, once, in the early days of their theatrical career, HENRY, with "CHARLES, his friend," had broken a glass in company, at all events many a time and oft in later years, had they, as festive comrades, "cracked a bottle together."

"WHY 'VEGETARIAN'?"—After Sir HENRY THOMPSON's excellent article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* no self-styled vegetarian would accept the eminent surgeon's invitation to a *telé-a-tête* dinner for fear his host should have only asked him to sit at "a dinner-table fitted with leaves," and should then have "given him beans."

"THE Maine Question" may be considered as practically solved, and peace or war between Spain and the United States becomes now "the Main Question."



THE GAOL OF THE FUTURE.

(AS SOME WOULD HAVE IT.)

Wonder, "Hope you are quite "comfortable, Sir? Latest Edition, Sir! Like anything more? Like the Door left open, Sir?"



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The Cunard "Special" full speed for London.

John Bull (of the World in general). "THERE IS NOTHING TO BE ALARMED AT. SURELY YOUR AMERICAN TRAINS GO MUCH FASTER THAN THIS!" *Jonathan (from the West in particular).* "WHY, YAAS. BUT TAIN'T THAT. I'M AFRAID IT 'LL RUN OFF YOUR DARNED LITTLE ISLAND!"

FLITTINGS.

Cape Town, March 8, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Before trekking up country among the *vleis* (not fleas, I hope) and *kopjes*, where you have to be your own postman, I should like to imitate your famous advice, and impart a few "Dons" to those of your readers who intend to visit South Africa. As I am just a week old as far as life in this colony is concerned, my counsel will doubtless be accepted for what it is worth, i.e., about one tickie, or 3d.

In the first place, don't come out here unless you have an unlimited capacity for standing, and being stood, drinks. It is a thirsty land, and great is the consumption of fluids. Don't say "How do you do?" to a man before you have asked him what he will take. The bar is the only starting-place for a conversational exercise.

Don't waste any time in looking for the Southern Cross. It is like an insignificant and lop-sided kite, and should be abolished without delay.

Don't try to eat a South African peach. It has to be cut and peeled like an apple, and feels like a billiard ball. It is, I believe, used for that purpose in the remote districts where the game is played.

If you have come to your last sovereign, don't have your things washed. My washing bill comes to 19s. Id. this week, an und-r v-st and p-r of p-ts being charged fivepence each. *Verb. sap.*

Don't take it as a personal affront if the Customs Officer enquires if you are landing any *cots*, when you have your wife or sister with you.

Don't expect Parisian cooking at the



[*"Agents are offering to supply milk from Normandy for London."*—*Daily Paper.*] If we are to have Normandy milk, why not Normandy milkmaids? They would be distinctly picturesque.

hotels, as you certainly won't get it. You have to wash your own grapes and be thankful.

Don't wash more than you can help. It is a pity to make the water dirtier than it already is.

Don't omit a visit to the really fine public buildings of Cape Town, such as the Houses of Parliament, where the officials are courteousness itself in explaining things to strangers.

Don't talk about a magnificent "blow-of-the-eye" (as "*AUGUSTE*" would term it), until you have seen Table Mountain and its attendant peaks rising precipitously behind the city.

Don't forget to journey to Groote Schuur (Mr. RHODES' residence), but don't ask me to pronounce this and other Cape-Dutch names.

Don't expect to sleep when there are electric-cars, Salvation bands, steam-whistles, praying mantises, Malays, mosquitoes, and Bulawayo troopers in full blast within earshot. Yours negatively,

X. Y. Z.

Conversation Overheard in the Garden of Britannic Flora.

Rose. Well, I never heard of such impudence. A kitchen vegetable!

Thistle. Not fit to feed donkeys on!

Shamrock. A wretched mongrel of an onion! This, bedad! is another injustice to Ireland! Not even a decent pratice!

[*Then the Leek, who had overheard the above cruel remarks, wrote to Mr. Gl-d-d-n, and received a consolatory post-card, which caused it to blossom into a Welsh orchid.*]



CONSOLATION.

Miss Scott. "YES, SHE HAS BEEN SAYING ALL MANNER OF WICKED THINGS ABOUT ME."
Friend. "YOU SHOULD NOT NEED HER, DEAR. SHE MERELY REPEATS WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY!"

LITERARY TOUTS.

II.—THE REPORT PREVIOUS.

"I hesitate to say what the functions of modern journalists are, but I imagine they do not exclude the intelligent anticipation of facts before they occur."—*Mr. Curzon in the House, March 29.*]

AMONG the most popular canards auras is a breed which may be tersely represented by the following chronological tree:—

WISH

THOUGHT.

(*Shakespeare, Henry the Fourth, Part II.*)

A specimen plucked from the *Chronic Adviser* (March 24) will suffice.

RESIGNATION OF LORD S-L-SB-RY.

HIS PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

"We have received the following information from a source so exceptionally trustworthy as almost to warrant us in hesitating to publish it. It will be within the memory of the most callous that the Cabinet was hurriedly summoned at 2.30 A.M. on Tuesday. They did not go home till morning; and at 8.15, or more than an hour after sunrise, smoke was still issuing from the chimney of the private *fumoir* of Devonshire House.

Later in the day, the Duke, who is usually a stern, cold man, ranging apart, was seen in the purloins of St. Stephen's, habited in a flowered waistcoat, and conversing with one or more of the constables on duty.

"The Leader of the House, who was expected to play a tie over the Tooting Bee course during question hour, is alleged to have scratched on the plea of nervous prostration.



Proposed alteration in the Chinese Willow Pattern Plate after the Russian Occupation of Talienshan.

"At 4.30 P.M., a well-known Queen's messenger was being measured for a travelling suit. At the same hour, Colonel L-CRW-P ordered from his West End tailor an inflammatory waistcoat.

"Our information is that these movements had nothing to do with the simultaneous visit of the naval attaché of the Helvetic Republic to Mr. C-RZ-N's anteroom. Many of our contemporaries have been misled as to the significance of this projected consultation.

"Facts, our informant tells us, will only develop slowly. The official acknowledgment of the actual resignation of the Premier may be delayed for months, or it may be, for years. None the less is it already, for all practical purposes, a *fait accompli*."

March 25.

"As we hinted in our last issue, the Foreign Office has denied all knowledge of the facts upon which our statement of yesterday was based. This provides yet a further example, if one were needed, of the dilatoriness of a Government whose information on public matters is invariably posterior to that of the advanced Press. It is at the same time readily conceivable that the very announcement of the Premier's resignation, made in these columns, may have been the involuntary cause of its postponement.

"If not, then time alone will show who was right, we or Lord S-L-SB-RY."

Pass now to Foreign Affairs, which afford a wider scope for winged Fancy. In order to keep abreast of the New Journalism, Mr. Punch has been compelled to dispatch a staff of prophets to the hottest corners of the globe, for the purpose of anticipating eventualities. On the verge of going to press he is privileged to publish the following head-lines and other exclusive novelties, of which the official confirmation is not expected till after the Easter recess.

REPORTED RISING ON THE RIVIERA
HAS FRANCE JOINED RUSSIA?
MENACING ATTITUDE OF THE ALPINE CORPS.
LORD S-L-SB-RY ESCAPES FROM BEAULIEU
IN AN OPEN BOAT.

(From Our Special Monaco Commissioner.)
Hotel Nécropole, Monte Carlo.
April 5.

The Far-East-West-African problem has reached an acute crisis. War-clouds loom in the offing. It is the night before the battle.

In an interview with the head croupier this morning I gathered that, in the event of France combining with Russia in a hostile demonstration against Great Britain, the Principality of Monaco would maintain

AN ARMED NEUTRALITY.

A young friend of mine at Beaulieu telegraphs that shortly after dawn yesterday a company of the famous Alpine Corps, armed to the teeth with ropes and ice-choppers, went through a series of warlike evolutions opposite Lord S-L-SB-RY's picturesque villa, which commands an uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean.

Under cover of the hour of *siesta*, the Premier, accompanied only by a faithful butler, who carried a tea-basket and

SIX AIR-BLADDERS,
put out to sea in his new outrigger, and headed for Bordighera.

The wind was contrary and the sea extremely inclement.

Eluding the French fleet, which lay round the corner off Villefranche, they were eventually forced, after battling with heroic fortitude for a day and a night on the deep, and suffering unexampled inconvenience, to put in to Ventimiglia, which is in the territory of Italy,

OUR ONLY FRIENDS.

Here his Lordship was last seen, wet to the skin, trying to get the air-bladders through the *douane*.

Piper MILNE, the hero of Dargai, has been telegraphed for.

LATER.

All is quiet at Cimiez.

The Queen drove out as usual this afternoon.

It transpires that Lord S-L-SB-RY yesterday reviewed a regiment of the Alpine Corps, and subsequently entertained the officers at *déjeuner*.

He remains at Beaulieu, where he finds the climate pleasingly salubrious.

There has been a clerical error about the hero of Dargai. It was not MILNE, but FINDLATER, and neither has been sent for.

The new outrigger has not yet arrived from England. It has to be ordered first. The sea is calmer than ever.

The relations between Great Britain and the European Powers continue friendly and unrestrained.

LATER STILL.

I have broken the bank.



A TEST CASE.

"OF COURSE I KNOW HE'S AN AWFULLY STRAIGHT-LACED SORT OF JOHNNIE; BUT IT'S RATHER A TALL ORDER TO SAY HE NEVER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, ISN'T IT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I MET HIM THE OTHER DAY, AND HE SAID IT WAS OPPRESSIVELY WARM!"

In the best quarters this is regarded as likely to furnish a *causa belli*.

STILL LATER.
I have lost all my winnings.
Everything points to peace.

EASTER EGGS.

THE undermentioned folk, we beg
To state, deserve an Easter egg.
For instance, to the Oxford eight,
An egg their win to celebrate.

The piper of the Gordons gay
Who at Dargai ne'er ceased to play,
Tho' shot and wounded in both legs,
Honours shall have for Easter eggs.

To Mr. TREE, who should be proud
Of his amazing Roman crowd
Which with a lifelike movement sways,
We tribute pay, an egg of praise.

To ladies who with forethought kind
Remember those who sit behind,
And leave their hats on cloak-room pegs,
We offer thanks for Easter eggs.

To that just Judge, the Lord High Chief,
Who grants to editors relief
From libel actions, him we deem
Worthy the egg of our esteem.

To best of burlesque boys, "Our Nell,"
Who lately has been so unwell,
The egg of comfort, if not wealth,
And Easter egg of perfect health.



"WE'RE GOING TO THE LYCEUM TO-MORROW NIGHT, TO SEE THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
 "OH, YOU LUCKY GIRL! I'VE ALWAYS SO WANTED TO SEE IRVING PLAY 'SHERLOCK HOLMES'!"

OUR SECOND CHILDHOOD.

"I hear that 'stool-ball' is likely to become the fashionable game at garden parties this year."
A Ladies' Journal.

Mrs. ALAMODE's party on Tuesday last was favoured with delightful weather, and a large number of guests, including most of the leaders of Society, had accepted her invitation. The entertainment was thoroughly *chic* and up-to-date. After tea—the chief items of which repast were lemonade, peppermints, and jam-puffs—most of the company took part in an exciting game of "touch-last," which was carried on with great zest, a Cabinet Minister and an eminent scientist winning loud applause by their skill. In another part of the grounds I came across two well-known poets, who

were playing "leap-frog" with evident enjoyment.

The annual marble-match between Oxford and Cambridge takes place this week, and is certain to attract an enormous crowd. Most of the events seem more than usually open, but the Light Blues will probably succeed in "hopscotch," while they can hardly hope to defeat their rivals in "five-in-a-ring." It is certainly hard luck upon the Cambridge team that, by an absurd University statute, they should be debarred from practising on the Senate-House steps, which would form a highly advantageous training-ground. Since, however, they went into strict training a fortnight ago, they have been coached by Master THOMAS TITLERAT, the eminent

champion of Swishemall College, and under his able tuition they are certain to prove a strong side.

I AM often asked by my readers where they can obtain really first-class skipping-ropes at a moderate figure. They cannot do better than visit Messrs. SMITH AND ROBINSON's Bond Street establishment, where many of the smartest people have bought their skipping-ropes for this season. The latest fashion is to have them with jewelled handles, and the rope dyed a bright magenta colour. The same firm are also noted for their peg-tops, but owing to the great demand for these articles, I hear that orders for them cannot be executed in less than a month's time. However, there is a rumour that whip-tops will become more fashionable before the season is over.

A CHARMING hoop-gymkhana was held at Diddelum Court last week, and most of the events were well-contested. A most exciting three-mile race was won in gallant style by the Bishop of the Diocese, who defeated the Earl of SHONEDITCH by half-a-length. I noticed that the right reverend gentleman bowed an iron-tyred "Invincible," while his rival propelled a wooden "Coventry Flyaway." Both these hoops are splendidly made.

THE selection-committee of the All-England N.P.C. have an anxious task before them in choosing a team of nine-pin players to represent us against Australia. In the last test-match, it will be remembered, we were decisively beaten. But some good judges aver that the delivery of one of the Australian team was distinctly unfair. It is to be hoped that there will be no room for any doubts of this kind when the return match takes place at Lord's next week.

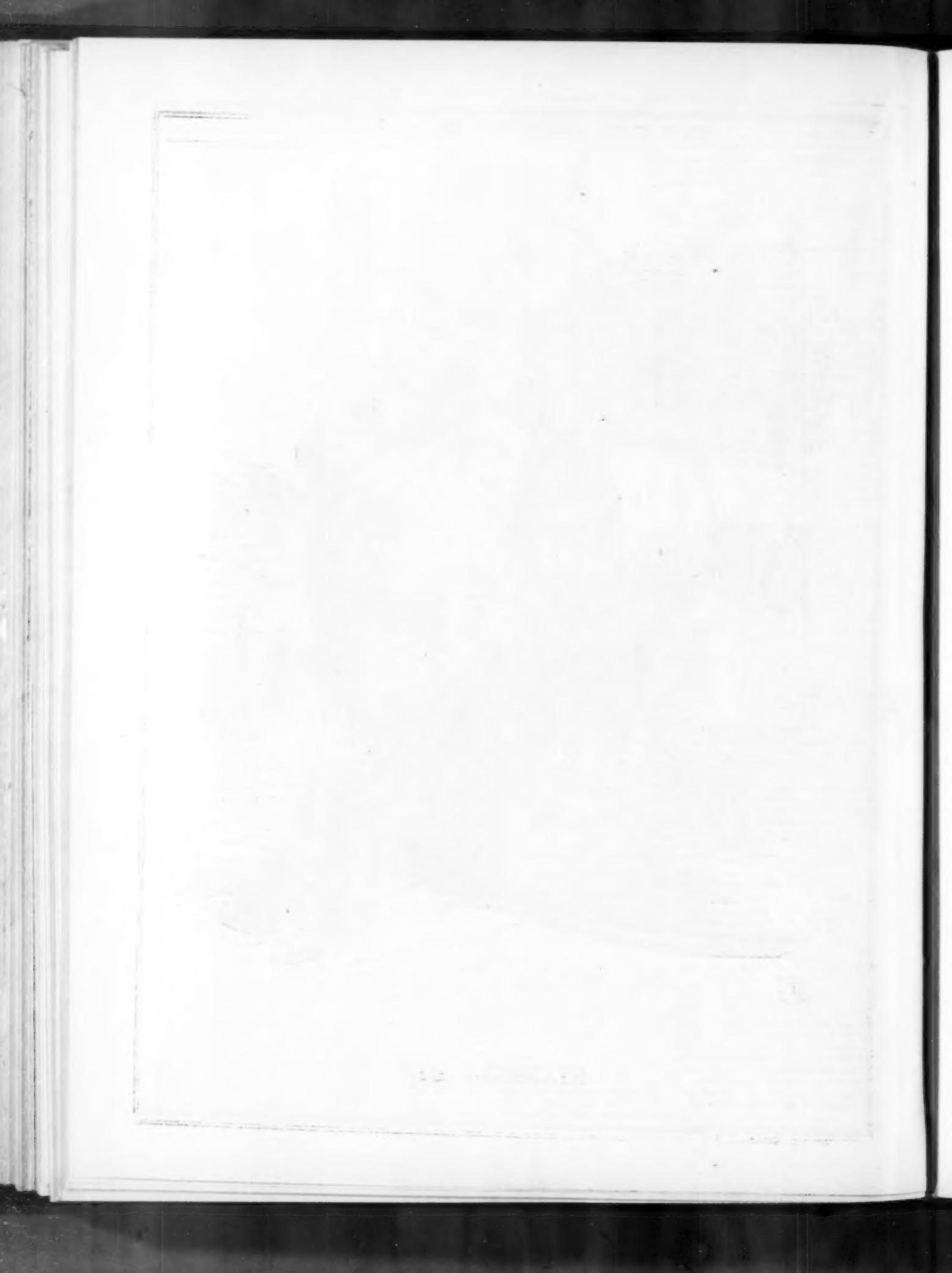
A CORRESPONDENT writes to deprecate the foolish policy of certain enthusiasts who are attempting to revive the public taste for such games as cricket, golf, and lawn-tennis. Their efforts, as he truly points out, are foredoomed to failure. Pastimes of this description are suitable enough for schoolboys, who are able to find pleasure even in a cricket-match. But, happily, it is useless to expect in the present day that grown-up persons will waste their time over these eminently childish amusements. How strange it seems to reflect that our ancestors once preferred the infantile game called "foot-ball" to a recreation so thrilling as "hide-and-seek"!

THE SPECTRAL TRAIN.

IN the *Standard* of Friday, April 1 (a suspicious date, it must be conceded), appeared a letter stating how its writer once saw two trains when there was only one! The first, he went on to explain, was a "spectral train," which, "after a short interval," was followed by a real train. Then he concludes with the question, "Was the phantom caused by a double reflection?" It may have occurred to some ribald sceptics to ask whether the letter would have been written after "double reflection"? For our own part, being on moderately good terms with certain familiar spirits, which agree with us on most occasions, we are inclined to think that the writer in question actually did see a "spectral train." The following interrogation answered in the affirmative would put the matter beyond doubt, namely, "Was the train made up of Bogey carriages?"



“STANDING BY.”





UNNECESSARY.

Mother. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR GLOVES, ALEXANDER?"
Alexander. "NO, MATER. BUT MY HANDS ARE QUITE CLEAN!"

BOADICEA.

(In the metre of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH's "Revolution" in *Cosmopolis*.)

BOADICEA, BOADICEA!
Melodramatically waving amazed in the day's young beams,
Thou, the triumphant, tonant, towering upper!
Thus tootles the tin trumpet of the poet.
Oh dear, oh dear!
Like his poetry thou seemest a nigerous nightmare after
superfluous supper.
Crazed and amazed thou standest, colossal pursuer
Of the gorgeous green Atlas omnibus, so it seems
To people gazing a glacial wonder,
The butcher, the baker, the brewer.
Blow it!
How could bold Battersea BURNS brason thy braggart beauty,
Ridging up a red roaring jaw-gape?
Was it his democratic duty
To let thee for ever prank on the paralysed populace?
Where is HARCOURT to defend us,
He, the admirer of fortuitous factories of jam,
The tonant critic of architectonic crimes,
The clarion denouncer of New Scotland Yard;
Amort all passion, grasping for grace?
Where are the thirty, more or less, learned, more or less, in art,
Who wrote to the
Times?
Where are they, where is he?
Where is anybody to make a fuss,
To suggest that we could cram
Thee, oh BOADICEA! and most of our statues, somewhere
inside that police station;

Horridly herculean hard!
In some obscure, tenebrious, unillumined part,
And clear away thee, and them, and it, in one copious,
crimson conflagration!

EASTER TRIPPING.

(A Personally-Conducted Letter.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—By the time these lines are in type—if you are good enough to print them—the great British Public will be considering where to go for the brief Spring recess. This being so, I think it my duty to put before your readers, with your permission, the result of my calculations. I say without hesitation that it is perfectly feasible to get to Rome and back for a five-pound note, and the journey may be made in comfort. There is no necessity for roughing it.

To start. The Channel route via Dover and Calais is a long way the best. It costs but a few shillings. One can reach Paris in half-a-dozen hours—or thereabouts. Of course, one must not be lavish in one's expenditure in the City of Pleasures. A day's board will only come to a shilling or two judiciously expended. Then off to Switzerland, and by the Simplon into Italy. A few hours may be spent at Stresa, Milan, and Genoa. Then direct to Rome. In the City of the Popes and the Caesars living is cheap if one finds out where to go. It will be well to reserve a few shillings for a guide book—a most excellent substitute for a guide. And having reached Rome, no doubt one's purse will be found to be exhausted. You cannot get to Paris under a sovereign, and travelling thence to Switzerland costs a sovereign more, and a sovereign will be needed for the railway journey to Italy. The remaining forty shillings will have served for refreshments on the road. Added together, the expenses come to £5. Q. E. D.

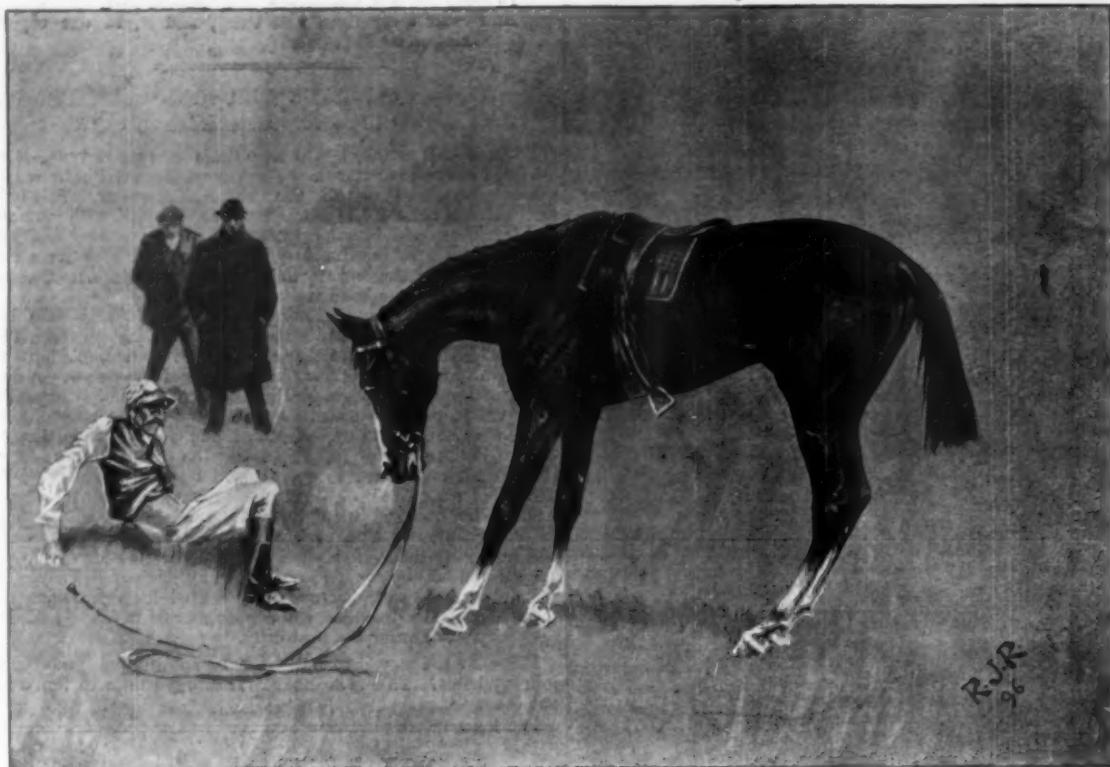
Yours very faithfully, A PRACTICAL MAN.

P.S.—By the way, I find that I have not allowed funds for the journey home. This is a detail. If worst comes to the worst, one can walk.



THERE'S THE RUB!

First Old Villager (to Second ditto). "I MET TH' OLE SQUIRE THIS MORNING, AN' 'JOHN,' SAYS HE, 'YOU DROVE ME FOR MIGH ON FORTY YEAR.' 'I DID, SIR,' SAYS L. 'WELL,' SAYS ME, 'YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT I'M STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR.' 'indeed, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY,' SAYS L. 'WHY?' SAYS HE. 'WELL, SIR, SAYS I, 'IT'S LIKE THIS: STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR IS ALL RIGHT; I AVE'NT A WORD TO SAY AGEN IT, IF A MAN 'AS NO ONE DEPENDENT ON 'IM; BUT IT'S WHEN YE COME TO STOPPIN' IT THAT THE TROUBLE BEGINS!'"



UNFEELING.

Bystander (to Amateur Jockey, whose mount has unseated him). "D'YER MIND DOIN' THAT AGAIN, CAPTING? MY PAL 'ERE DIDN'T QUITE SEE IT!"

CHANGING FROM DAY TO DAY.

(Extract from a Leading Article picked up in Fleet Street.)

THERE is no doubt that a crisis is at hand. We are in the midst of alarms and rumours of war, and the coming cloud of disaster rises above the horizon. The day for half measures is over, and now it is the duty of every Briton—he be soldier, sailor, or civilian—to keep his powder dry and to be ready, aye, ready. It must not be forgotten that England is England, and what the "tight little island" once has done, can and may have to be re-accomplished.

And yet Peace is not only an ideal. After all and before all, men are a band of brothers. There is but little difference between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton and the Celt. Human nature is very human, and blood is thicker than water. We may fight lions and tigers, but common sense forbids man-intelligent man—taking up the sword against his brother. It is unnatural. It is unwise.

But honour is honour. As our national bard has tersely put it, he who steals a purse steals trash. But honour is honour. The sword is the last resource it is true, but it must be unsheathed when the good fame of a nation cries for protection. It has been this jealousy of reputation that has called into existence DRAKE and MARLBOROUGH, WELLINGTON and NELSON.

And yet who would shed blood for an idea? In these days of modern civilisation the pen has taken the place of the cannon. Is not ink stronger than gunpowder, paper than dynamite? And what is honour? Is it not a sentiment that varies in interpretation? The honour of the Hottentot is not the honour of the European. Then why fight for an idea? The notion is not only pernicious, but absurd.

In conclusion, there is but one word more to be said. It may be advanced by the captious that what we have suggested above

is more or less contradictory. The purist may even go so far as to declare that what we have asserted in one paragraph we have contradicted in its successor. Be it so. But let our readers remember that at this season of the year most things have to be written in advance—aye, and much in advance—to secure the well-earned leisure of the Easter Vacation.

Note and Query to Sir H-nry Th-mps-n (Inspector of Food Feeding).

N. Being in "the temperate zone," it is incumbent on us to live temperately. Of course. In the "intemperate zone" the duty would be equally evident.

Q. Might an author, who makes his livelihood entirely by contributing regularly to magazines, be fairly described as "one who lives on 'cereals'?"

MR. PUNCH observes that there is a general wish to make the Crystal Palace a National Institution. Mr. P. cordially endorses the views of the promoters of the movement, but suggests, in view of the Exhibition of 1851, that the undertaking should be extended in its scope, and that a new international slab be placed beneath the great Constructor's bust under the Terrace, inscribed "Pax-stone," as a memorial of International Peace.

"THE COMING RATE."—Generally a very rapid one if it is a bicyclist, and then also a very dangerous one to the unprotected pedestrian.

"AN IMPORTANT FACTOR."—A Scotch agent who has to collect the rents.

ITEM ON A MENU OF LITERARY PABULUM.—"Shakspeare and Bacon."

DARBY JONES ON THE ALEXANDRA PARK SPRING MEETING.

HONoured Sir,—You, and, I trust, my other noble patrons can appreciate whether your Humble Voter deserves well of his fellow-citizens. You little know the pride with which even the very minor Prophets point to their successful prognostications, nor what little capital is needed to make a Gullible Public hand over its Hard-earned Shekels for "One-horse Snips," "Wires from the Course," "Stable Secrets," and "Special Certainties." Far be it from me to depreciate the Astuteness of those Seers who, having given, say, *Cotopazi* at 5 to 1 on, and *Chimborazo* at 6 to 4 on, proclaim the Triumph of their Perspicacity with a vigour, which causes the Man-out-of-the-Know to surmise that the Victorious Quadrupeds were probably owned, bred, trained, aye, and even ridden by these vociferous gentry, but I do say that a Professor of Equine Research, who by dint of Hard Study is enabled to sift the Wheat from the Chaff, and pick out plums such as the diminutive John Horner never dreamt of, from the Currant Cake, I repeat, that Toiler of the Turf is worthy of more gold, silver or bronze than the unseemly assaults from toe-capped boots, which—alas! I speak feelingly—often fall to his lot. And it is in the early Spring that the *Illuminati* are busy with the Records of the Past, remembering deeds which the Careless Punter never calls to mind, while they look up weights and distances, and generally polish their Memories with Chronological Facts.

But let us back to our Gee-Gees, and to that "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring," which used in bygone days musically to intoxicate our ears at Covent Garden Theatre, and yet drove us to thoughts of self-destruction when repeated by the Banditti of the Barrel-organ.

I turn in what may be called a Week of Desolation to the gathering at Alexandra Park—to my mind, a curious sort of show, where some Jockeys finish nowhov and some Horses nowhere. There are many Mysteries, believe me, honoured Sir, developed on the Sward which abuts on the International Exhibition of 1862. Here the Genial and Generous Licensed Victualler, especially on a Saturday, is in full swing, but nevertheless he rubs coats in Tattersall's Ring with some of the most Aristocratic Philequists (my own, own word) who ever wore Newmarket Coats or wore patent leather boots. There are ladies too, as well, who have indulged in fish often of the Fried Order for their luncheons, but are none the less as hearty as if they had made their *déjeuners* on beef steaks or mutton chops, while drinks effervesce, from champagne to bottled stout. In short, esteemed patron, Alexandra Park is jovial. Having said this much, let me put my selection into poetical *précis* worthy of Lord SALISBURY and HER MAJESTY's Foreign Office. It runs as follows:—

Beware of the *Furniture Bart*,

Beware if the *Rooster* is there;

But look out if the *Yanks* should start,

And the *Un-named* may make us all stare!

Having thus wandered into a land not often touched upon, I remain, honoured Sir.

Your obedient and Argus-eyed Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

SOMETIMES AFTER CHARLES LAMB.—Reports from China: Pig tales.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—Monotony of voting millions for landlords, for denominational schools, for Army and Navy, varied to-night by further progress with measure that will transform approaches to the Palace of Westminster and open up new vis'a of Westminster Abbey. As CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES pu's it, we are wasting two ironclads and a cruiser on mere

SQUIRE hampered, as is the common lot of Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer, with the task of paying off debts incurred by late tenants of Downing Street, had no money for Westminster improvements, or so he told HERBERT. That astute young man, having exhausted other arguments, had a plan drawn up showing how the neighbourhood of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament would appear when the new avenues were opened. This he sent as sort of New Year's Card to his



TWO IMPRESSIONS OF THE O'MACALEESE!

"I move, Sir, that you report progress!"

Progress was reported!

streets and buildings. AKERS-DOUGLAS has business in hand. May be depended upon to carry it out thoroughly. Since HAUSMANN began his work in Paris, no Minister has had such opportunity. First Commissioner will write his name large on the very heart of the metropolis.

AKERS-DOUGLAS already beginning to taste the sweets of adulation. He is the last man willingly to wear borrowed plumes. He remembers, if others forget, that the inception of the idea, the drafting of the scheme, belongs to the credit of his predecessor. If anyone is to adopt CICERO's unmelodious boast,

O fortunatum, natum, me consule, Romam!

it is HERBERT GLADSTONE. It was he, whilst First Commissioner of Works, who buckled to a task of which some of his forerunners, notably DAVID PLUNKET, dreamed.

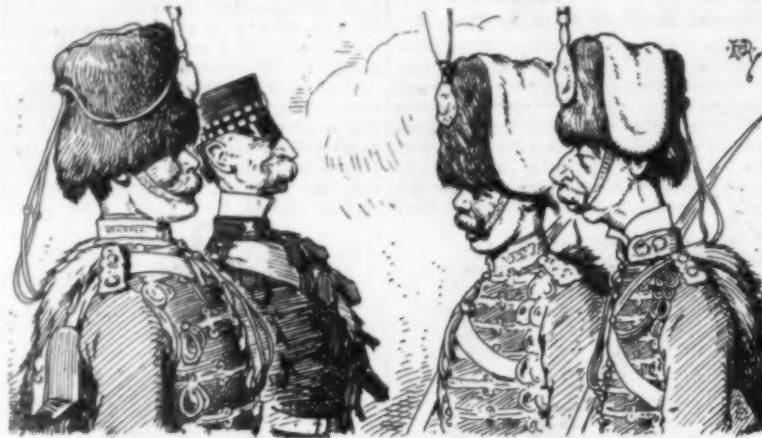
SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, tells me how HERBERT managed to get round the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The

esteemed Leader. The SQUIRE brooded over it till its fascination became irresistible, and he undertook to find the money to start the scheme. Thereupon HERBERT went to work, drafted his Bill, got preliminary Parliamentary sanction, was ready to begin the work, when ST. JOHN BRODRICK's little cordite plot blew him and his colleagues out of office.

"Yes," said the SQUIRE, "but I left behind me a surplus, and established the bases of other surpluses, that enable AKERS-DOUGLAS to do the thing thoroughly. Thus do oxen for others bear the yoke, thus do bees for others make honey."

Business done.—Public Building Bill, involving expenditure of two-and-a-half millions at Westminster, read second time.

Tuesday.—In solemn silence House hears confirmation of what the MARKIES some weeks ago contemptuously dismissed as the legend of Talienwan. The only person unmoved is the Under-Secretary. Questioned on the point, he, with studiously



THE OLD SOLDIERS SPRING TO ARMS!

indifferent manner, reads a memorandum to the effect that the Russian Ambassador has notified Her Majesty's Government that by a convention, signed on March 27, the usufruct of Port Arthur, Talienshan, and the adjacent territories, has been granted to Russia by the Chinese Government.

That blessed word *usufruct*! Collared, grabbed, is our rough English way of describing the transaction. "The *usufruct granted*" is the polite Russian's way of putting it, anxious above all things not to offend insular sensibilities.

To outward appearance Members are un-ruffled as the Under-Secretary. Beneath the surface beat waves of bitter resentment. "Supposing," good Conservatives say to each other, "that Mr. G. and his men were in office just now, and had done this thing, what should we say and do?"

As it is, impulse of revolt threatens to overcome lifelong habit of discipline. BAHIMRAD-ARTLETT bounds on the bench more than ever like an india-rubber ball suffering from indigestion. CAP'N TOMMY BOWLES thoughtfully rubs the crown of his head with the tip of his hooked arm. YERBURGH resolves to give another dinner at the Junior Carlton, where the State may be saved over coffee and cigars. P. & O. SUTHERLAND contemplates further conference of eminent men in the Board Room of the offices in Leadenhall Street, speeches strictly limited to forty-five minutes' duration.

Most ominous of all is the apparition of MARK LOCKWOOD in a waistcoat that seems to have been steeped all night in the blood of the enemies of the British Empire. The planet Mars a mere washed-out pocket-handkerchief compared with the hue of the Colonel's waistcoat. Since the Mad Mullah dyed his turban pea-green, and stirred the Afridis into fighting mood, nothing like it has been seen under the abashed sun.

"What does it mean?" I, in affrighted whisper, asked SARK.

"It means war," he said, moodily.

Curious to note, as the Colonel marches up the House, the reflected glow of his waistcoat shedding a sunset hue on the pale faces fringing the benches to the left, how, like a trumpet call, it affects the veterans.

Captain Sir ELLIOTT LEES of the Dorset Yeomanry; Major LEGH of the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry; Colonel WALTER LONG of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry; and Captain GEORGE WYNDHAM of the Cheshire Yeomanry, involuntarily square their shoulders and grip between their knees an imaginary war-horse.

Only SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, softly smiling at many things, sits master of himself though China fall.

Business done.—The Legend of Talienshan confirmed.

Friday. — "Poof! TOBY," said LORD CHANCELLOR, mopping his majestic brow, "Easter holidays don't come too soon. At least, not in this shop. Used to work; been a slave to it all my life, especially when I had to study briefs. Begin to



TOBY AND THE CHANCELLOR.

"It's too much for one man, Toby!" think I've had enough; just think what we've gone through since Session opened. At a quarter past four I walk up floor in stately robes; open proceedings with prayer (usually there are no proceedings, but that no matter). Then I sit on Wool-sack whilst the few Peers present chat for the ten minutes intervening before time when public business commences. Sharp on stroke of half-past four public business called on. We read a Bill a second or third time. Or somebody answers a question somebody else has mumbled. Then

the MARKISS, or in his absence COUNTY GUY, if he chances to have arrived in time, moves adjournment. I put question, declare 'Contents have it,' and three minutes after hour of public business has struck, sometimes as much as five minutes, I'm a-sailing down the House like some stately Argosy, as you put it, bound for home. It's too much, TOBY, too much for one man, and he no longer in the forties. Can't last, you know. I'll soon have to be living on my country and my pension."

Business done.—House of Lords adjourned for Easter Recess, peers promising to look in on Tuesday afternoon to hear statement on situation in the Far East.



THE BURDEN OF TAXATION.

"What will he do with it?"

[For the financial year ending March 31, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has received £106,614,004, or fully Three and a quarter Millions more than he anticipated.]

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

WHAT is the voice I hear

In Standard and Times and Star?

Sentinel, say! (I am far from clear

About your identity—far,
Or why you are sentinel, where you guard,
and what in the world you are.)

"By the truisms which it obtrudes,

By its obvious fiddlededes,

By its time-honoured platitudes,

The voice is familiar to me—

Tis the Laureate bold at a penny a line or
whatever his price may be.

"He tells us in verses six

What might have been told in one,

Or better still, for his metre sticks

Like a fly in the jam, in none,

And when he has finished we know as much
as when he had just begun.

"There's much of the usual sort,

Original, very—e.g.,

That 'we are the lords of the main'—in
short,

The usual thing, you see,

When the Laureate starts at a penny a line
or whatever his price may be."



GOOD FOR CHINA.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S
MONKEY BRAND SOAP.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR
KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.